THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

By GASTON LEROUX, Author of "The Mystery of presence long ago. Brignolles, the tool of Larsan, the accomplice of Larsan—what a discovery! Why, I had the Yellow Room."

Copyright, 1909, by Brentano's.

To be Continued.)

The Rances eagerly entered into these antiquarian researches. Mrs. Rance, being of a romantic turn, took a violent fancy to the ruined castle and persuaded her husband to buy it. While it was being made habitable Rance telegraphed and wrote to her nucle, Old Bob, who was then bone digging in Patagonia. These message never reached him, for Old Bob, who had previously promised to join his nephew and niece after they had been tried for awhile, had already taken the steamer for Europe. Evidently re-port had already brought to him the tory of the treasures of the Rochers nges. A few days after the cable had been dispatched he landed at Marcilles and arrived at Mentone, where he became the companion of Arthur Rance and his wife in the Chateau of Hercules, which his very presence seemed to fill with life and gayety.

The gayety of Old Bob appeared to arose without doubt from the effects of our apprehensions of the evening before. The Old Bob had the soul of

a child. He was as much of a co-guette as an old woman.

Mrs. Rance presented him to us, and be uttered a few polite phrases, after which he opened his wide mouth in a reat hearty laugh. He was jubilant, and we were soon to learn the reason why. He had brought back from his wisit to the Museum of Paris the cerminty that the skeleton of the Barma Grande was no more ancient than the me which he had discovered in his ast expedition to Tierra del Fuego.

Mme. Edith had the unkindness to

errupt the jubilations of her uncle by announcing to him that Prince Galitch, who had purchased the Grotto of Romeo and Juliet at Rochers uges, must have made some sensa-nal discovery, for she had seen him the very morning of Old Bob's depar-ture for Paris passing by the Fort of Hercules, carrying under his arm a lit-tie box, which he had touched as he went by, calling out to her, "See, Mrs. tance, I have found a treasure!" He walked on, laughing, with the remark that he would have a surprise for Old Bob on his return. And later she had eard that Prince Galitch had declared that he had discovered "the oldest skull in the history of the bu-

Every vestige of gayety fled from Old Bob's face and manner. His voice was husky with passion as he ex-"That is an infernal lie! The oldest

akull in all history is Old Bob's skull. Do you understand me? It is Old "Mattoni Mattonii Bring my trunk

at once!" be cried. Almost as soon as the words were Court of Charles the Bold with Old Bob's trunk on his shoulder. Old Bob took his bunch of keys, got down on his knees and opened the box. From this receptacle he took a hatbox, and

from the hatbox he drew out a skull, which he placed in the middle of the "The oldest skull in the history of

humanity!" he echoed. "Here it is! It is Old Bob's skull! Look at it! Oh, I can tell you, Old Bob never goes any-

CHAPTER VIII.

Wonderful Pinds - and Vanishings.

LD BOB took up the frightful object and began to careas it, his eyes sparkling and his thick lips parting ence more broad smile. Rouletabille and unable longer to control ourselves and nearly split our sides with ighter—all the more because Old Bob every few moments would interrupt himself in the midst of a peal of merriat to demand of us what was the et of our mirth.

uddenly Old Bob grew serious. He ted the skull in his right hand and ed the forefinger of the left hand mon the forehead of his ancestor.

When one looks at the skull from above one notices very clearly a pennotable development of the parietal bumps and the jutting out of the shell of the occipitals. The great breadth of the face comes from the exaggerated development of the zygomatic proportions, while in the head of the trog-lodytes of the Baousse-Raousse what ns, while in the head of the trog-

I shall never know what it was that Old Bob found in the bend of the troplodytes, for I did not listen to him, but I looked at him. And I had further inclination for laughter. Old Bob seemed to me terrifying, horrible, as false as the father of iles, his counterfeit gayety and his scientific jargon. My eyes remained fixed upon him as if they were fascinated. It seemed to me that I could see his hair move, just as a wig might do. One thought-the thought of Larsan, which never left me completelyed to expand until it filled my entire brain. I felt as if I must speak it out when all at once I felt an arm ocked in mine, and I saw Rouletabille which I did not know how to read.

He drew me away from the table, and we walked toward the west boulevard. After he had looked closely on every side and made sure that no one

was near us he said: You are in the right in seeing him everywhere around us. If he were not there a little while ago he is per-hape there now. Ah, he is stronger than the stones! He is stronger than anything else in the world. I fear him less within than without, for, Sainclair, I feel that he is here."

I said to Rouletabille, scarcely daring to put into words what was in my mind:

"Old Bob?" He did not answer. At the end of a "Hold your left band in your right

for five minutes and then ask yourself, 'Is it you, Larsan?' And when you' have replied to yourself do not feel too sure, for he may perhaps have lied to you, and he may be in your own skin without your knowing it."

With these words Rouletabille left me alone in the west boulevard. It was there that Pere Jacques came to look for me. He brought me a telegram. I was not in much of a burry to

open the dispatch which Pere Jacques had brought me, and in this I was wrong, for as soon as I cast my eves over the words which it contained I realized that it was of the deepest importance. My friend at Paris, whom I had requested to keep an eye upon Brignolles, sent me word that the said Brignolles had left Paris the evening before for the Midi. He had taken the 10:35 train. My friend informed me that he had reason to be-lieve that Brignolles had taken a ticket for Nice.

What should Brignolles be doing in Nice? I kept Brignolles to myself all slone and so well that when, assuming my most indifferent air. I rejoined Rouletabille in the Court of Charles the Bold I never mentioned the sub-

His brow was dripping with perspiration; his arms were bared, his collar thrown off; a heavy hammer was in his hand, It seemed to me that he was devoting considerable time and energy to a comparatively simple task, youd the end of his own nose, I could not refrain from telling him so. But, no! I was only able to understand that, half an hour later, when I came upon him lying beside the ruins of the chapel murmuring in his dreams the one word which betrayed the sorrow of his heart-"mother." Rouletabille was dreaming of the Lady in Black! After having relieved his overcharged heart with that one word he left nothing more to be heard except his heavy breathing. He was completely ex hausted. I believe that it was the first time be had really slept since we had come from Paris.

I left the chateau unseen, and soon. my dispatch in my pocket, I took the rain for Nice. On the way I chanced read this item on the first page of the Petit Nicols: "Professor Stanger-son has arrived at Garavan, where he will spend a few weeks with M. Arthur Rance, the recent purchaser of the Fort of Hercules, who, aided by the beautiful Mme, Arthur Rance, will dispense hospitality to his friends in this mediaeval stronghold. Professor riage to M. Robert Darzac has just taken place in Paris, has also arrived at the Fort of Hercules with her husband, the brilliant young professor of

At Nice, hidden behind the blinds of a buffet, I awaited the arrival of the train from Paris by which Brignolles was due to arrive. And the next mo ment I saw him alighting from a car. I knew that there must be some

strange reason for this journey of which he had not informed M. Darzac beforehand. And I knew that the trip was a secret one when I saw that Brignolles was bending his head as he hurried along, gliding rapidly as a pickpocket among the passengers. But I was behind him. I followed him. These maneuvers seemed to me more and more ambiguous. Finally guolles' carriage came out upon the Road de la Corniche, and I directed my coachman to take the same way. The numerous windings of this road. its accentuated curves, permitted me to see without being seen. Finally we reached the Beaulien railway station. where I was astonished to see Brignolles' carriage stop and the man himself get out, pay the driver and enter the waiting room. He was going to take the train. For what purpose? He got into a passenger coach which was bound for the Italian frontier. I realized that all his movements were

bringing him nearer to the Fort of Hercules. I got in the car behind his. Brignolles did not get off until we eached Mentone. I saw him alight. He had turned up the collar of his overcoat and pulled his bat down over his eyes. He cast a stealthy glance around the quay and then mingled with the other passengers. Once out-side the train shed he got into a shabby old stage which was standing by the sidewalk. I inquired of an employee, who told me that that carriage was the stage to Sospel.

Sospel is a picturesque little city lost between the last counterforts of the Alps, two hours and a half from Mentone by coach. No railroad passes through there. It is one of the most retired and quietest corners of France, the most drended by revenue officers and by the Alpine hunters. Why was Brignolies going to Sospel? I must find out. I hired a carriage from the station, and in a few moments I, too, was climbing over the rocks to the valley of Carei. How I regretted not having spoken of my telegram to Rouletabille! The strange behavior of Brignolles would have given him ideas, useful and reasonable, while for my part I had not the slightest idea of how to reason. I only knew how follow this Brignelles as a dog follows his master, I reached Castillon ten minutes later than Brignoiles. Castillon is at the highest point of the road between Mentone and Sospel. I descended from the carriage, and at entrance of a tunuel through which it was necessary to pass to

ship of this devil of a Brignolles had If they would have listened to me he would have got rid of the creature's known all along that those accidents in the laboratory had not happened by chance! .They would believe me now. I had seen with my own eyes Larsan

I stood staring at them, my feet as

helpless as though they had taken root

in the soil. I could not utter a sound

nor make a gesture. I had been the

only one to guess that the companion-

Larsan.

and Brignolles talking and consulting together at the entrance of the Cas tilion tunnel. I had seen them. But where were they gone now? For I saw them no longer. They must be in the tunnel. I hastened my steps, leaving my coachman behind me, and reached the tunnel in a few moments, drawing my revolver from my pocket. My state of mind was beyond descrip-

But where were they? I walked through the dark tunnel. No Larsan, no Brignolles! Not a living creature! But upon my left, toward ancient Castillon, it seemed to me that I could perceive two forms that hastened. They disappeared. I ran after them. I arrived at the rules. I stopped. Who could say that those two figures were not lying in wait for me behind

The old Castillon was no longer inhabited, and for a good reason. It had been entirely ruined—destroyed by the earthquake of 1887. What a silence there was all around me! With a thousand precautions I searched through the rules, contemplating with horror the depth of the crevices which, the earthquake had opened in the rocks.

Had I been the victim of an illusion? I could no longer see my two shadows. Was I also the plaything of my imagination when I stooped and picked up from the road a bit of letter paper which looked to me singularly like that which Darzac used at La Sar-

Upon this bit of paper I deciphered gnolles had written. These syllables emed to be the end of a word the beginning of which was missing. All that it was possible to make out was

Two hours later I re-entered the Fort of Hercules and told my story to Rouletabille, who placed the bit of paper in his portfolio and entreated me to be as silent as the grave in regard to my expedition.

Astonished at having produced so different an effect from the one which I had anticipated at the discovery which I believed so important, I stared at Rouletabille. He turned his head away. His eyes were filled with tears. "Rouletabille!" I exclaimed. But again he motioned me not to

They had waited dinner for me. was late. We scarcely attempted to hide the deep anxiety which froze our-hearts. One would have said that each one of us was resigned to the blow which was threatening. At 10 o'clock I went to take up my station at the tower of the gardener. While was in the little room where we had asulted together the night before the Lady in Black and Rouletabille passed lantern fell on their faces. Mme. Dar- ent circumstances, cared or dared could not hear. The conversation between them looked like an argument, and I caught only one word of Roule

The two entered the Court of the Bold. The Lady in Black stretched her arm toward the young man, but he did not see it, for he left her imme diately and went toward his own She remained standing alone for a moment in the court, leaning against the trunk of the eucalyptus tree in an attitude of unutterable sadness; then, with slow steps, she entered the square tower.

It was now the 10th of April. The attack of the square tower occurred on the night between the 11th and

CHAPTER IX.

The Creepy Luncheon and Invisible Guest.

THE day almost from the rising of the sun was intolerably hot. and the hours on guard were almost overpowering. At 9 o'clock I came down from my room and went to the postern and entered the room which we had styled "the hall of council" to relieve Rouletabille of his guard. Darsac appeared, announcing that he had something important to communicate. He said that he intended to quit the Fort of Hercules at once, taking his wife with him. This declaration left Rouletabille and myself dumb with surprise Mme. Edith had had a nervous attack. We understood the reason at once, for there was no doubt in the mind of either Rouletabille or myself that Mrs. Rance's jealousy of Mme. Darzac was increasing every bour and that each act of courtesy performed by the husband toward the former object of his admiration was positively insupportable to his wife.

Rouletabille implored Darzac to en dure the situation. He assured him that he agreed with his feeling that the stay of himself and Mme. Darzac must be made brief, but that the se curity of both depended on their remaining in their present quarters for the time being. If they were to go away Larsun would know on the moment how to overtake them and when they expected him the least. Here they were forewarned, they were upon their guard, for they knew. Elsewhere they would be at the mercy of every person that surrounded them, for they would not have the Fort of Hercules to defend them. Certainly this situation could not endure very long, but Rouletabille asked M. Darzac to wait eight days longer, not a single one

Darzac left us, shaking his head oubtfully. He was angrier than we had ever seen him. Rouletabille remarked .

"Mme. Darzac will not leave us, and reach the opposite turn of the moun-tain I beheld Brignolles and Frederic he started off on his rounds. M. Darzac will stay if she does," And

A few moments later I caught sight of Mme. Edith. She smiled at me coquettishly, but her gayety seemed a little forced as she jested at my "new trade." I answered her that she was uncharitable in her jests because she knew that all the trouble we were been of the gravest danger to Darzac. taking might be the means at any moment of saving the sweetest of women from untold misery.

She cried with a sharp laugh: "Oh, surely! 'The Lady in Black!' She has you all under her spell." "Perhaps there is a little truth in that speech," I returned.

"My husband is crazy about her!" And she turned upon me that same curious look which had disturbed me "And therefore," she continued, "I

take very great pleasure in the conversation of Prince Galitch, who is more romantic than all the rest of you put I asked her who was this Prince Galitch of whom I had heard so much. She told me that he was com-

ing to luncheon, and she gave me a few particulars in regard to him from which I learned that Prince Galitch was one of the richest landholders in his own part of Russia. He was called a bermit, a miser and a poet. He had inherited from his father a high position at court. He was

account of the immense services ren-dered by the parent the emperor was supposed to regard the son with a great deal of affection I cannot tell why, but I felt a singular antipathy for the prince without ever having set eyes on him.

His relations with the Rances were those of friendly neighborliness. Having purchased two years before the magnificent property whose hanging gardens, flowery terraces and beauti-ful balconies had made it known at Garavan as "the Garden of Babylon." he had had the opportunity to be of assistance to Edith when she had begun to make the outer court of the Chateau of Hercules into an exotic garden. He had presented her with certain tropical plants. M. Rance sometimes invited the prince to dinner, "and always after one, of these functions the prince would send to his hostess a wonderful paim tree from Nineveh or a cactus fabled to have belonged to Semiramis, Edith said that she was interested in the young Russian because be-dedicated such beautiful verses to her. After he had repeated them in Russian he would translate them into English, and he had even composed them in English for her, and for her alone. Verses—

the verses of a real poet-dedicated to Mme. Edith! The prince kept no carriage nor motorcar. He used the street cars and often did his own marketing, attended by his servant, fvan, who carried a basket for the provisions. Strangely enough, this avariclousness did not seem in the least distasteful to Mme. Edith, who appeared to consider it a mark of origi-onlity. And she finished by saying: "No one has ever set foot within his foors. He has never even invited us to come and see his gardens. Isn't it beautifully fascinating?"

said suddenty:

"Indeed!" inquired Galitch.

Gardens of Babylon.

"I'll tell you all about it."

And she related, while the prince lis-

tened with an air of cold imperturb-

ability, the story of her visit to the

She had come upon them inadvert-

ently from the rear in climbing over a

hillock which separated the garden

from the mountains. She had wan-

dered from enchantment to enchant-ment, but without being in the least

The prince had scarcely time to re-

brought a dispatch to Rouletabille,

The latter asked permission to open it

This dispatch was signed by the edi-

"Well, what do you say to that, M.

"I shall not go to St. Petersburg!"

"They will regret your decision at

the court," said the prince. "I am cer-

tain of that, and allow me to say.

young man, that you are missing a

Rouletabille opened his lips as though

to answer, but closed them again. Ga-

"You would have found an adventure

worthy of your skill. One may hope

for everything when one has been

The word fell into the midst of us

like a bombshell, and, as if by a com-

mon impulse, we took refuge behind

our smoked glasses. The silence which

followed was horrible. Larsan! Why

should this name which we ourselves

had so often pronounced within the

last forty-eight hours and which rep-

resented a danger with which we were

commencing to almost feel familiar

cause indefinable terror to creep

through our bodies? The unbroken si-

lence on every hand contributed to in-

crease an indescribable state of hypno

sis. Where had Old Bob's gayety vanish-

ed? And why did all the others sit so

silent and so motionless behind their

dark glasses? All at once I turned my

head and looked behind me. Then I un-

derstood, more by instinct than any-

thing else, that I was the object of a

common psychical attraction. Some one

fixed upon me-weighing upon me.

was looking at me. Two eyes were

could not see the eyes, and I did not

know from where the glance fixed

upon me came, but it was there. I

knew it-and it was his glance. But

there was no one behind me, nor at

the right, nor the left, nor in front, ex-

cept the people who were seated at

the table, motionless, behind their dark

glasses. And then-then I knew that

Larsan's eyes were glaring at me from

behind a pair of those glasses-ah. the

dark glasses-the dark glasses b ind

And then, all at once, the sensation

passed. The eyes doubtless were

turned away from me. I drew a long

breath. Another sigh echoed my own.

Was it from the breast of Rouletabille

-was it the Lady in Black, who per-

haps, had at the same time as myself

endured the weight of those piercing

"Prince, I do not believe that your

last spinal bone goes any further back

than the middle of the quarternary

And all the black spectacles turned

Rouletabille arose and made a sign

to me. I hastened to the council room.

To be Continued.)

where he was walting for me.

in his direction.

which were hidden Larsan's eyes!

strong enough to unmask a Larsan!"

Rouletabille?" demanded the prince.

tor in chief of the Epoch.

declared Rouletabille.

wonderful opportunity."

litch went on:

dens.

Mme, Edith turned away, and I finished my guard duty.

The first stroke of the luncheon bell sounded. I hurrled to my room to make a hasty tollet, but I paused in the vestibule, amazed to hear the beneath the arch. The glimmer of the sound of music. Who, under the presanc was greatly excited. She was urg. play a plane in the Fort of Hercules? ing Rouletabille to something which I And, hark! Some one was singing. It was a voice at once soft and sonorou singing a strange song which sounded now plaintive now threatening.

I opened the door and found myself face to face with a young man who was standing. I heard the footsteps of Mme. Rance behind me, and the next moment she was introducing me to Prince Galitch

The prince was of the type that one reads of in romances—"a handsome, pensive young man." His clear cut and rather stern profile might have given a somewhat severe expression to his face if his eyes, as mild and clear as those of a child and with an expression of perfect candor, had not told an altogether different story.

I could find nothing to say to this beautiful youth who chanted foreign poems. Mme, Edith took my arm and ed me away to walk in the perfumed gardens of the outer court while we waited for the second bell for luncheon. At noon we seated ourselves at the

Those of us at the table, all wearing smoked glasses on account of the sun's glare, were M. Stangerson, Mathilde Old Bob, Darzac, Arthur Rance, Edith. Rouletabille. Prince Galitch and my self. Rouletabille had placed himself in such a position that he could observe everything along the entire length of the fort. The servants were at their posts. Pere Jacques was at the entrance gate, Mattoni at the postern of the gardener and the Berniers in the square tower before the door of the apartments occupied by the Darzacs. Prince Galitch was the first to make

a remark. He spoke politely to Rouletabille, mentioning the fame which the young reporter had won. This ap peared to embarrass him, and he made a confused reply. The prince went on terested in the exploits of my friend for the reason that as a subject of the czar he knew that Rouletabille would shortly be sent to Russia. But the reporter replied that nothing had yet been decided, whereupon the prince astonished us by drawing from his pocket a journal of his own country announcing the fact that Rouletabille was soon to be in St. Petersburg. There was occurring in that city, the prince read, a series of events so inexplicable in governmental circles that the superintendent of police had decided to ask the Epoch to lend him the young reporter. Rouletabille replied dryly that he had never in the course of his short life done detective work and that the superintendent of police at St. Petersburg was an idiot.

Mme. Edith arose from her chair, speaking ecstatically of the beauty of nature. But, in her opinion, she declared, there was nothing more beautiful anywhere pear than the Gardens of Babylon. She added mischievously "They seem so much more beautiful because one may only see them from a

The prince said nothing. Mme Edith looked vexed and a moment later

QUALITY THERE IS A QUALITY IN THE DAVIS & HAWLEY CO.'S JEWELRY WHICH ADDS A VALUE ALL ITS OWN—WE INVITE COMPARISON OF PRICES. CHEAP GOODS WE EXCLUDE FROM OUR STOCK.

Pawford

The Single Damper-Patented

This Damper is found only in Crawford Ranges.

It is worth the price of the Range. One movement

controls absolutely and perfectly both fire and oven.

Other exclusive Crawford features are the patented Dock-Ash Grates; Cup-

Joint Oven Flues; Asbestos-Back Oven; Reliable Oven Heat Indicator.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

GEO. B. CLARK & CO., Agents

1057-78 BROAD STREET

It insures better baking; saves waste of fuel and food.

Ooking-Ranges W

THE DAVIS & HAWLEY CO. R.R. INSPECTORS.

The Day Cos For Best Quality

PERSONAL

re opened by J. C. 71 years of successful deal Blackman & Co., 1838. In diamonds, watches and lewelr:

KEITH'S .-- Tay Varsity Pharmacy "I'm not going to deceive you any longer, prince. I have seen your gar-

FAIRFIELD AVE., COR. PARE AVE. Phone 1447-2-Day or Night. H5*H



In a month from now the holiday rush will be on and then careful selection of suitable gifts will be an im Why not buy now? Our assortment

of Fancy Goods and Novelties is very attractive, and a pleasing and useful present suitable for persons of any age can be secured. We will keep it until needed if desired.

Surely such values should appeal to your economical instincts.

The Wooster-Atkinson Co. 1043-1049 BROAD STREET

COAL FOR CHRISTMAS

for yourself or as a gift to someone else. Can you beat it? Not if it is the clean pure coal from

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.

421 HOUSATONIC AVENUE

Telephone

184 FAIRFIELD AVENUE

Try Sprague's Extra

ICE COAL WOOD

GRADE LEHIGH COAL Sprague Ice & CoalCo

GREGORY & CO.

Branch Office Main Street

Established 1847 Main Office

Stratford Avenue

COAL ____ WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, WHOLESALE

BERKSHIRE MILLS.

ABSOLUTELY

CLEAN COAL GUARANTEED SCREENED BY A SPECIAL MACHINE

OUALITY UNSURPASSED

WHEELER & HOWES.

944 Main Street

East End Congress Street Bridge